You stand still, minding your own business, contemplating the odd yet fleeting thoughts that dance in the corners of your mind. Yet, the familiar surroundings of your world shimmer and dissolve like sugar in water, morphing into something ethereal and otherworldly. A radiant city materializes around you, its architecture formed from clouds and speckled with golden touches, as vibrant rays of sunshine pierce through a sky that inspires awe. You take a step forward, wide-eyed, taking in the surroundings of Heaven.

Angels of all forms float and flutter around you, some with manifest wings as grand as the sky and others as diminutive as cherubs, each one adorned in colors as bright and pastel as a springtime palette. "Where... am I?" you murmur, confusion etching lines on your brow as laughter and joy echo around you, but it does nothing to ease your uncertainty. The atmosphere thickens with comfort, yet shadows of fear creep onto your shoulders, heavy with the absurdity of it all.

As you begin questioning your sanity, a tickling sensation spreads from your fingertips, almost electric. Before you can react, warmth floods your entire body. Your skin starts to shift, becoming radiant and pure white as if the very essence of light was washing over you. It feels delightful— a soft tickle, like feathers brushing against your skin.

"What’s happening?!" You exclaim, but the sound that emerges from your lips has taken on a melodic lilt, a beauty intertwined with youthful exhilaration.

Your human form shrinks, as the world around stretches and twinkles, vibrant colors swirling together like a watercolor painting setting ablaze with life. You no longer feel the weight of your human self, every ounce of burden dissipating like mist in the morning sun.

Each breath you take fills your lungs with clarity. The hints of your previous complexities dissolve, replaced by a glorious ticklish joy that dances at the forefront of your consciousness. You begin to chuckle, a bright and angelic sound that feels foreign yet so undeniably right.

Suddenly, you feel an extravagant tickle as your cheeks exude large, vibrant red circles, a hallmark of your new self. "This feels amazing!" you laugh, marveling at your reflection in the brilliant crystalline structures surrounding you, now shimmering with absolute splendor. Your eyelids shift to a light blue, framing your irises that now glimmer like the purest sky on the sunniest day. Glancing in disbelief at your reflection, you see a young seraphim, elegant with absurdly slender form.

As your hair transforms—shifting to slick locks of pale blonde, perfectly styled with coral streaks—you can't help but admire the feathered wings sprouting painlessly from your back. Six magnificent feathers unfold with grace instead of horror, slipping from your spine with the most delightful sensation, eliciting a soft, ecstatic laughter. "Wings! I have wings!" The thrill of flight rushes through your veins, brightening your being with happiness you had never felt before.

Your clothes float away, replaced instantaneously by an angelic robe with golden trims that hug your now slender form; it feels both foreign and comforting, like a warm embrace from the sun itself. The golden halo hovers above your head, dazzling in its luster, a fitting crown for the entity you are becoming.

Your voice, too, has undergone a transformation, a timbre that dances like music, spilling into the air like honey. "Hey! Is this really who I've always been?" You call, yet the answer is one you already know, a sweet melody that caresses your heart.

More powerful still, a rush of heat swells in your chest—the memories of being human drift away like smoke in the wind. The ticklish feeling envelops your

mind, ushering in a new reality as your past, your fears of mortality are obliterated. You luxuriate in the relief. In this new realm, you discover that being a heavenborn angel is all you have ever wished for; the pieces of your former life blur at the edges and dissolve entirely, leaving only the warmth of seraphic existence.

"I was always here, wasn’t I?" you whisper, clarity dawning like the morning sun, painting everything in the pastel hues of joy. A knowledge wells within you —your role, your name, your legacy as a seraphim angel. A pure and thrilling laughter erupts from your chest as you feel wholly rejuvenated and joyous.

Surrounding you, other angels smile, their eyes bright with understanding. "Welcome home," one whispers gently, the soft laughter in her voice wrapping around you like a gentle breeze. Suddenly, you understand the laughter and joy echoing around you; it is a symphony of angels perpetually nestled in this realm of serenity.

Grinning, you stretch your wings wide, the ticklish sensation lingering as they flutter in response. "I’m going to love it here!" You declare, the air filled with radiant confidence and delight. No trace of hesitation or fear remains; only fierce wonder at your own seraphic essence. "I’m a heavenborn angel!" You shout joyfully, finally embracing your true self, fully aware that you have neither lost nor sacrificed anything worth keeping.

As your laughter harmonizes with that of the other angels, a beautiful realization settles within. You glance through the azure skies, feeling infinite and free.

After all, you were never human; you were always meant to be a seraphim.